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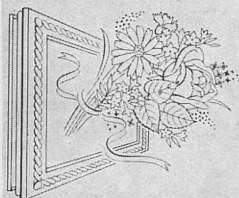
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Percy Bysshe Shelley.



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Compton Collier

The Hon. Mrs. Fagan and Her Family

The Hon. Mrs. Fagan is the younger daughter of the 15th Baron Arundell of Wardour. She married in 1935 Group Captain Thomas Fagan, son of the late Mr. John Patrick Fagan and Mrs. Fagan of Castlepellard, Co. Westmeath, and they have three children, Patrick, Deirdre and Michael, who are photographed here with their mother. Mrs. Fagan has just recently lost her brother, Captain Lord Arundell of Wardour, the Wiltshire Regiment, who was wounded and taken prisoner in the fighting at Dunkirk, and recently repatriated. He died at Chester Military Hospital last month



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Diversion

ONE of Mr. Churchill's forecasts was borne out when the Government's social insurance plans were made public in an official White Paper. He had always said that the publication of the plans would turn the minds of the whole country off the war. Sure enough—for a time, at any rate—it did. For days, most people talked of little else. Even the dramatic news from Holland of the withdrawal of the British airborne troops from Arnhem, after their epic and desperate struggle, was for a few hours given second place as a conversation piece. The Prime Minister's view had always been that, so long as absolute concentration on the war was necessary, publication of a diversion of the magnitude of the Government's Beveridge plans could not be risked. But now that is out, the Government does not intend to waste any of the attached kudos! In addition, to the 30,000-word White Paper itself, it has got out an official "popular edition," at 3d., complete with futuristic diagrams and sketches, showing how every one will benefit. It was a comprehensive and informative White Paper. The only thing left out was the one thing everybody wanted to know: "When does the scheme begin?"

Fate

CYNICS said the question of date of commencement would form the main bone of contention at the coming General Election. Others, perhaps no less cynical, held that the Government had hurried out its scheme, while the Coalition held together, so that no party could be free from blame if anything went wrong, and the plans proved a flop. My own view is that it will be a long time before the scheme comes into force. For one thing, there is quite genuinely a lot to do before the scheme

can be launched. It is a Herculean task to arrange for the insurance against all ills "from the cradle to the grave" of some 47,500,000 people. Especially—as is perhaps inevitable in these matters of something-for-next-to-nothing—when an unknown number of those millions are out to get that to which they are not entitled. It is an irony of fate (his special sort of fate) that much of the hard work behind the scenes on the plans has been done by that luckless K.C., Sir William Jowitt, the Minister Without Portfolio. Most of the proposals he has had to bring forward—and perhaps even more the proposals he has not brought forward—have got him into trouble with the House of Commons. Now that he has produced a probable "winner," half the War Cabinet takes the stage, and the "curtain falls," leaving Sir William still in the wings. That is the way of the war for him, and he takes it philosophically.

Limelight

LORD WOOLTON, the Minister of Reconstruction, was in general charge of the plan before the War Cabinet, with Mr. Ernest Bevin, the Minister of Labour, looking after the unemployment and training aspects. Mr. Henry Willink, the Minister of Health, had charge of the health angle. Into the limelight, reluctantly, was thrust Sir William's chief of staff, Civil Servant Sir Thomas Sheepshanks. For months, Sir Thomas had laboured night and day on the plans, the masses of statistics, the alternative methods of giving this and that benefit, the safeguards for the public purse. About a million words he wrote or dictated, much of it at home in his neat little villa in Woking, Surrey. Sir Thomas is the forty-nine-year-old son of a Bishop of Norwich—was, indeed, born in, the Episcopal Palace there. He is no social figure, and prefers the domestic

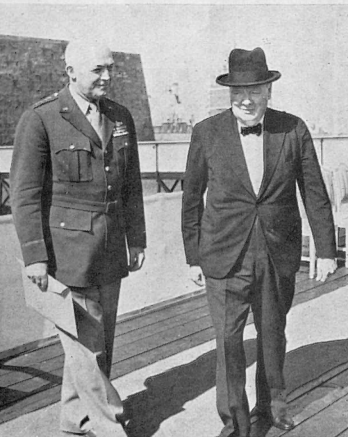
hearth to the glare of newspaper limelight. But limelight he had in plenty when it came out that he was main author of the scheme. The Government's plan—"non-Beveridge" as Mr. Churchill insisted on calling it, I am told, all through the Cabinet discussions—will be the number one talking point where two or three are gathered together, for many months to come.

Return

BACK to Britain in the giant Queen Mary (described on the outward journey, truthfully but rather unromantically, as a "giant transport") sailed Mr. Churchill, just in time for the reassembly of Parliament after its seven weeks' summer recess. Soon after his arrival—that famous special train of his came into operation again—Mr. Churchill walked gaily into the House of Commons, in time to answer questions. He was also in time to hear a first-class row over the announcement of Mr. Herbert Morrison, the Home Secretary, that Captain Archibald Ramsay, the Conservative M.P. for Peebles, was to be released from imprisonment under Defence Regulation 18 B. This announcement was received with mixed feelings by his fellow M.P.s. Some of them cheered faintly, because they have never liked the fact that an M.P. has been, so to speak, the prisoner of the Government. Others shouted loud disapproval. Mr. William Gallacher, the Communist M.P., roared that Captain Ramsay was an "unspeakable black-guard," was promptly and sharply reminded by the Speaker that he was talking about another M.P., and ordered to withdraw the remark. This he refused to do, and was sent out of the House. He went without a word. Other Members pleaded with the Speaker to forgive the errant Communist, because he had just lost a son in action, but the Speaker, disclaiming all intention to be vindictive, said the expulsion must stand.

Unrest

THERE was a good deal of comment (not all of it favourable) on Mr. Churchill's "disappearance" after the Quebec meetings were over. As readers of these notes know, he had merely taken a short rest, but the air of mystery with which his movements are occasionally surrounded gave many the impression that "secret meetings" had been held.



General Arnold, Chief of Staff, U.S.A. Air Force, and Mr. Churchill found a moment to exchange confidences on the terrace



Mr. Anthony Eden and Sir Alexander Cadogan, Permanent Under Secretary at the Foreign Office, joined in the talks. They are seen, leaving the Citadel with Mr. Luford, Mr. Eden's secretary



Admiral Sir Andrew Cunningham, Field Marshal Sir Alan Brooke, General Sir John Laverack (Chief of the Australian General Staff), Admiral Leahy, and Field Marshal Sir John Dill left the Chateau Frontenac together

The Prime Minister and British and American Chiefs of Staff at the Second Quebec Conference



Yehudi Menuhin, World Famous Violinist Plays to the Home Fleet

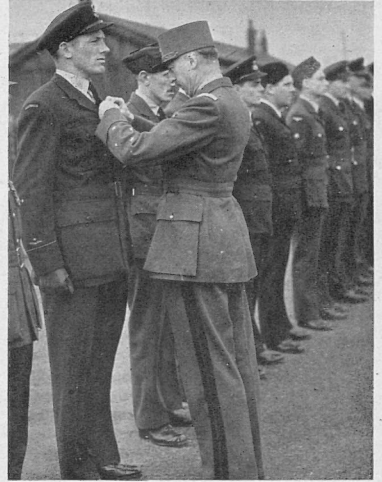
Mr. Yehudi Menuhin, the famous violinist, is now in this country entertaining the troops and recently visited the Home Fleet where he was entertained by the C-in-C., Admiral Sir Henry Moore. Admiral Moore is seen above (third from the left) with Mr. Menuhin and his pianist and staff officers aboard the flagship

As the air was then full of all sorts of stories, possible and impossible, about events inside Germany, and the likelihood of a sudden collapse, the mystery accorded well with the wishes, and the wishful thinking, of the rumour-mongers. But something strange is going on inside Germany, it is clear. I hear on the most reliable authority that there are definite signs of political unrest inside Germany. But it is too diffused and lacks large-scale expression, and leadership, to come to anything important—just yet. It should not be under-estimated, however, and for this very good reason: as the Allies advance into Germany, the local inhabitants will have to decide whether to be pleasant and (to use the word of the moment) co-operative, or whether to be unpleasant and become guerrillas or passive resisters. In their present mood, there is little doubt that the vast majority will plump for the first course. This will not only save many precious Allied lives, but will speed our advance. Whether we can, for some weeks at any rate, expect any more than that as a result of the political uneasiness, I doubt. But, of course, once political unrest begins, it is a highly contagious disease.

Critics

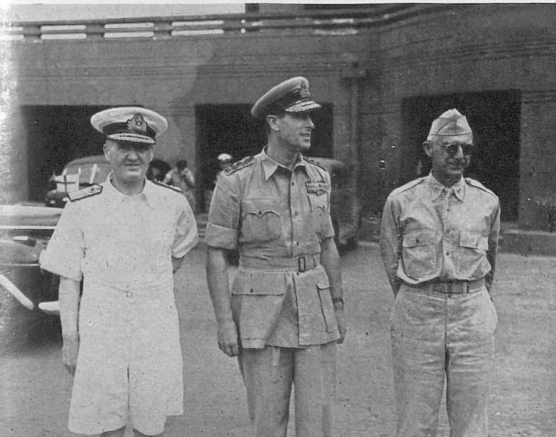
WE are, I foresee, in for a spot of political unrest here at home—although of the harmless British variety. Our legislators returned to their labours with not a few “grouses,” and an inflexible determination to unload them on the row of ministers who daily, from now until Christmas, line up for cross-examination, and occasional chastisement. Labour Members hope to make a good deal of the Government's supposed over-tenderness for the feelings of landowners. Left-wingers, with an eye on the hustings, make much of the alleged inadequacy of the Government's land-acquisition policy, and see in it evidence that the “bad old days” are soon to return. Just what this means is not clear, but it sounds good on a platform, which is something, in these lean political days. On much firmer ground are the critics of the Government's demobilization and housing plans. Level-headed, true blue Conservatives like Sir Archibald Southby range themselves with the critics on some of these points, and when that happens ministers have to take notice. Housing, there is no doubt at all, will be absolute priority number one on the list of

post-war political problems. There has, of course, been no building during the war, and the blitz and the flying bombs between them have damaged millions of houses, great and small. Returning Service men are going to demand houses in no uncertain voices, and any Government that has to disappoint them is in for a tough time. And, if the returning Service men are disgruntled about their “demobbing,” so much the worse for the Government. Then there is the policy of “full employment” as it is somewhat grandiloquently called. This aims at recreating our overseas markets and our national trade prosperity *before* we go in for home “luxuries.” . . . I can see some excitement if (as is possible) the Government classes the social insurance plans—which will cost £650,000,000 a year, to begin with—among the “luxuries”!



R.A.F. Personnel Decorated

R.A.F. personnel were recently decorated for their services in helping to liberate France. P/O R. J. Fogarty of Victoria, Australia, is seen receiving the Croix de Guerre from General Koening, Commander of the Free French Forces and present Governor of Paris



Admiral Mountbatten With New C-in-C. in Ceylon

When Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, the Supreme Allied Commander, South-East Asia, returned to Ceylon from his visit to the United Kingdom he was met by Admiral Sir Bruce Fraser, the newly appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Eastern Fleet, and General Stilwell, Commander U.S. and Chinese Forces in Northern Burma



Officers of the 21st Army Group

This picture was taken at an informal conference outside H.Q. It shows Colonel J. R. C. Gannon, Deputy Military Secretary; Brigadier A. W. Beament, Canadian Section G.H.Q.; Brigadier A. Prain, Director of Survey, Colonel Harvey W. Wilkinson, Personnel Officer attached to 21st Army Group; Brigadier C. Lloyd, Deputy Adjutant General; Major-General J. D. Inglis, Chief Engineer; Major-General M. E. Dennis, Royal Artillery; Major-General G. W. Richards, Royal Armoured Corps

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

That Man Again

By James Agate

The *Hitler Gang* (Carlton) is the melodramatic title of a film which is reconstructional in method and documentary in effect. It tells the story of Adolf Hitler, beginning in 1918, and is wonderfully helped by a quite unknown film-actor called Robert Watson. Synopsis tells us that this is the fifth time Watson has played Hitler, but the first time he has played it seriously. He is certainly astoundingly like the real object. Here, to the life, are the watery eye, the fish-like stare, the odd suggestion of George Moore, that indescribable garment which is half cassock and half rain-coat, that something between ecstatic and taxi-driver which is Hitler. And the make-up is perfect, though personally I think the Hitler of the last war should have looked much younger, and the Hitler of five years

ago considerably older. Nevertheless, Watson deserves one of Hollywood's choicest statues and I hope he gets it.

GOEBBELS is very well done, too, by an actor called Martin Kosleck. He looks exactly like the pictures of that diabolical little genius, and perfectly reproduces that smoothness almost amounting to charm with which he is credited by people who have met him. The Heinrich Himmler of Luis Van Rooten is also admirable; the dreadful methodicalness, the horrible accuracy, the well-known mannerism of taking off his glasses, fiddling with them for a second, and then replacing them on his nose—all this is reproduced to the life. Perhaps the others are not quite so good. The Goering of Alexander Pope is not fat enough, not jolly enough, not gross enough; the brutality under-

lying the *bonhomme* might have been better emphasized. But Fritz Kortner's portrayal of that sneery fat horror Strasser, and Victor Varconi's picture of Hess, are first-class. As you may notice, there are no star names in the cast, the aim of the director and producer having been to secure "fine actors who would be a physical counterpart of the originals." The result of this experiment is both successful and encouraging.

THE picture was half ruined by excess of sound; throughout everybody bellowed like sea-lions in a vacuum. This may not happen when the house is full, but why don't they tone it down for pre-views? There is one respect in which Hollywood is entirely incorrigible. This is the perpetual use of American phraseology. Hollywood must know that the film is intended to be shown in this country as well as in America. Then why not use words which are current in both countries instead of always the American version? Both the English and the American languages contain the word "perhaps," but only America uses "maybe." Both countries have the word "reckon"; only America prefers "figure." The word "arrange" is familiar in both countries; only Americans insist upon "fix." Goering saying: "My wife has some money, maybe I could use it"; Himmler saying: "I figure we need some two thousand men"; Goebbels saying: "I'll fix it later"—all these make one feel one is in Hollywood. Whereas if the English words were used both countries would continue in the convention that the people on the screen are Germans talking German. I happen to know that Hollywood reads this paper. But will Hollywood take the slightest notice? No.

SOMETHING like fifty years ago Mr. Shaw went, in his critical capacity, to see a new play at the Opéra Comique. He wrote:—

I am in a somewhat foolish position concerning a play at the Opéra Comique, whither I was bidden this day week. For some reason I was not supplied with a programme; so that I never learnt the name of the play. I believe I recognized some of the members of the company—generally a very difficult thing to do in a country where, with a few talented exceptions, every actor is just like every other actor—but they have now faded from my memory. At the end of the second act the play had advanced about as far as an ordinary dramatist would have brought it five minutes after the rising of the curtain; or, say, as far as Ibsen would have brought it ten years before that event. Taking advantage



Scenes From the Early Life of Hitler as Shown in "The Hitler Gang"

Hitler in hospital after the 1914-1918 war. His case is diagnosed as hysteria with paranoid symptoms

1923. Hitler and his henchman Hess antagonize the crowd at the beer hall by Jew baiting



The Gang stage the Munich beer hall putsch proclaimed as the national revolution and designed to make Hitler government head and General Ludendorff Army Chief

Hitler is terrified when he finds things going against him. The "revolution" is suppressed and Hitler is imprisoned

As a result of the Munich putsch Goering is arrested and found insane. He is taken to an asylum and put in a straitjacket



"The Hitler Gang" : As They Appear to the Public and as They Appear to One Another

"This is the inside story of an inside job by a gang that stole a nation. It is the intimate and authentic account of the rise to power of international political bandits . . ." The film is reviewed by James Agate on the preceding page. He gives special praise to the splendid impersonations of Hitler, Goebbels and Himmler by Robert Watson, Martin Kosleck and Luis Van Rooten respectively, three hitherto unknown actors chosen for their physical resemblance to the originals. Hess is played by Victor Varconi, Goering by Alexander Pope. The film was made in Hollywood by B. G. De Sylva and is presented by Paramount at the Carlton Theatre

of the second interval to stroll out into the Strand for a little exercise, I unfortunately forgot all about my business, and actually reached home before it occurred to me that I had not seen the end of the play. Under these circumstances it would ill-become me to dogmatize on the merits of the work or its performance. I can only offer the management my apologies.

I was bidden a few afternoons ago to the Gaumont-British private theatre in Wardour Street to see a film entitled *Eternally Yours*. I gathered that David Niven was married to, and in love with Loretta Young. I gathered also that David was a professional illusionist with a side-line à la Houdini. David would ascend 25,000 feet in an airplane, leap from it with his hands handcuffed behind his back, extricate himself, pull the string and make a safe landing in the middle of Hampstead Heath or on the beach at Coney Island.

At this point I have to enunciate the principle: Submarines and coalmines, yes; skyscrapers and aeroplanes, no. I am allergic to heights, or is it that heights are allergic to me? (The word has been coined since the dictionary I have used for forty years was printed.) In plain English I cannot stand heights. On the highest peak of Skiddaw, incidentally as little perilous as the middle of Lord's Cricket Ground, I must close my eyes. I should do the same on Table Mountain. Had I stood on that peak in Darien I should have been very far from silent; I should have demanded to be blindfolded. From all of which it follows that when, in the picture, David proposed to jump, I automatically closed my eyes. And forgot to re-open them. In the circumstances it would ill become me to dogmatize on the merits of this picture or its performance. I can

only offer the management my apologies.

More lucky than Mr. Shaw, however, I was supplied with a synopsis. From this I glean that Loretta wanted to live in a little house in the country, painted white with a green fence, whereas David wanted to tour the world. That Loretta divorced David, and married somebody called Don. That there were hypnotic séances as the result of which the bride slept with somebody called Lola, while David shared a room with Don. That the Reno divorce turned out not to be valid, and so on and so forth. Did David consent to live in that little cottage in Connecticut? Or did he resume world-touring? He compromised. Meaning that he went to live in Connecticut. And I gather that my unfortunate complex about heights robbed me of a highly intelligent, even thought-provoking film.



As a prisoner in the Landsberg Fortress, Hitler dreams of world power. He plots the future, writes "Mein Kampf," and is joined by Dr. Goebbels before his release



After his release Hitler goes to his cottage in Bavaria where his sister and her daughter come to look after him. He falls in love with his niece



1934. Hitler is now Chancellor. He ruthlessly overrides all opposition. A blood purge "purifies" the party and eliminates Roehm and his Storm Troops

The Theatre

"Richard The Third" (New)

By Horace Horsnell

SHAKESPEARE gives little support to those Apologists who would whitewash Richard the Third. On the contrary, he favours popular tradition which ranks that reputedly ill-favoured monarch with such redoubtables as Bluebeard, and the wicked uncle of the Babes in the Wood. Was he not as crooked in soul as body? Did he not, in carving his way to the Crown, commit paricide and fratricide, and smother his two little nephews in the Tower? Vicariously, maybe; with daggers and perjury for some, a butt of Malmsey for another, and their own innocent pillows for the babes. Shakespeare says so, by the mouth of Richard himself; and Mr. Laurence Olivier, whose performance in this grand revival by the Old Vic at the New is so thoroughly exciting, does not lighten the indictment for the sake of a ha'p'orth of tar.

As prologue to his own career of villainy, this Richard begins as he promises to go on, and commands our collusive, if somewhat queasy admiration. Tradition, it seems, has done him crude justice. He is a blither villain than we thought, and takes us into his confidence without reserve. His speech is sinewy,

of each to the ill-fated but prolific House of York.

Not that this need seriously handicap enjoyment, since few of these royal relicts compete in interest or vitality with the monster who has widowed or otherwise outraged them. They range from the shimmering vision presented by Miss Joyce Redman's Lady Anne, whom Richard first widows, then marries, to that bitter fount of maternal curses, old Queen Margaret, articulated by Dame Sybil Thorndike.

No: it is Richard, so vitalized by Mr. Olivier, who holds us enthralled, and gives this fine production its outstanding distinction. His performance, indeed, is so irresistibly alive throughout that speculative comparisons between him and Edmund Kean seem neither irrelevant nor absurd.

His looks may be saturnine, but so were those of Charles the Second, whom he curiously calls to mind and one would like to see him portray. He may have a heart of stone, but this petrifies neither him nor us. That heart is richly auriferous, and keeps us all consistently



Gloster: "'Tis time to speak, my pains are quite forgot" (Laurence Olivier as Richard, Duke of Gloster, afterwards King Richard III, Sybil Thorndike as Margaret of Anjou)

cheerful. His undoubted hump, his limp, and other physical imperfections do not hamper his suave agility, or detract from the disarming intelligence of his smile. He is not only the dominant, but the most attractive, figure at court. And what a court!—with Mr. Harcourt Williams humanizing the last of the House of Lancaster; himself bedevilling the last of the House of York; and Mr. Ralph Richardson's all-conquering Richmond to usher in the House of Tudor with as conclusive and technically well-fought a battlefield duel as stars the lists even of Shakespeare's chivalry.

THE whole production is most stimulating. Though a thought over-decorated perhaps, it should be of immense advantage to the theatre in these days of speculative scramble and arduous adventure. It is a credit to our stage. It vindicates the productive flair of Mr. John Burrell, and tops the triple first instalment of the new Old Vic repertory with a worthy performance of a time-honoured masterpiece. Shakespeare's history may not be strictly canonical, but his manner of relating it is magnificent. And among contributory portraits in this histrionic gallery, Mr. Nicholas Hannen's ripe, unctuously self-seeking Buckingham adds fresh lustre to this good actor's versatility. We have gained considerably by the Old Vic's happy return to town.



and he punctuates the list of the murders and other infamies he proposes to commit with a kind of whip-lash chuckle that gives his pleasure in anticipation an edge, and his wickedness a relish that is brilliantly transpontine.

When he accosts poor Clarence, who is on his way under escort to the Tower, and gives him Judas kisses of commiseration, his smiles outdo even Iago's in treachery. And when he holds up the funeral cortège of his father, King Henry the Sixth, in order the more scandalously to woo his disconsolate sister-in-law, the widowed Princess of Wales, he begins generously to fulfil that prologue's infamous promises.

BEFORE seeing this bloodthirsty exercise in toy-theatredom, it is perhaps as well to refresh one's memory of the personages involved. For the early phases of the play seem so over-stocked with royal widows and railing queens that one may be puzzled at times to know just who is who, and the exact relation

Margaret Leighton as Queen Elizabeth, wife of King Edward IV, Laurence Olivier as Richard III, and Joyce Redman as Lady Anne, daughter-in-law of Henry VI, afterwards wife of Richard III

Sketches by
Tom Titt

Right: George Relph as Cardinal Bouchier, Nicholas Hannen as Duke of Buckingham, Sydney Tafler as Sir William Catesby, and Morris Sweden as Sir Richard Ratcliffe





Mrs. Anthony Eden and Mrs. Littlejohn Cook Were Joint-Hostesses at the All-Services Canteen Club

Photographed at the reception are H.E. the Yugoslav Ambassador, Admiral Wm. Glassford, the Rt. Hon. Anthony Eden, Mrs. Littlejohn Cook (Chairman and Founder of the Club), Mrs. Anthony Eden (President), and H.E. the Greek Ambassador

London Snapshots

From Here and There

Photographs by Swaebe



Captain the Hon. H. R. Cayzer and Miss Ursula Wyndham-Quin were dining together



Near by, Lt.-Col. Paravicini and Lady Weymouth found melon an encouraging send-off



The War at Sea: Exhibition at the National Gallery by Norman Wilkinson, O.B.E., P.R.I.

Admiral Sir William James, M.P. for North Portsmouth, attended the Exhibition with Sir Muirhead Bone, Trustee of the National Gallery



The artist, Norman Wilkinson, walked round with Admiral Sir Algernon Willis, the Second Sea Lord, who opened the Exhibition



Air Chief-Commandant Lady Welsh was there with Air Marshal Sir Richard Peck and G/Capt. O. P. E. Greig

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Visit to Edinburgh

THOUGH Their Majesties' visit to Edinburgh was, through wartime necessity, bereft of all the interesting and historic ceremonial, the handing of the keys of the "loyal and ancient city," the payment of "quit-rent" by a bowl of snow, and so on, it was none the less an event of great significance for the Scottish capital, since the holding of two Investitures at the Palace of Holyroodhouse by His Majesty marked the inauguration of a new use for the grey stone pile that was the seat of the Kings of old Scotland, and one that has raised high hopes among the King's subjects "over the Border" that Royal visits to Edinburgh may be more regular and frequent after the war.

While His Majesty was holding the Investitures—which began, appropriately enough, with the decoration of Flight-Lieutenant John Cruickshank, Edinburgh's own V.C.—the Queen, with Princess Elizabeth, took the opportunity of visiting her sister, Lady Elphinstone, at Carberry Towers.

Lady Mary Palmer, who was appointed Lady-in-Waiting to the Princess in July, was in attendance on H.R.H., making her own debut as the Princess's Lady. The Duchess



Lord Gifford's Niece Married at Danehill

Lt.-Cdr. Lord Gifford, R.N. (seen in the background), gave away his niece, Miss Pamela Talbot, when she was married to F/O. J. W. Reid, R.N.Z.A.F., only son of Mr. and Mrs. G. J. H. Reid, of Grassington, near Canterbury, New Zealand, at All Saints, Danehill, Sussex. The bride and groom are seen with the best man, F/Lt. R. Thompson, of Montreal, the bridesmaids, Miss Rosemary Crotch and Miss June Dunthorne, and the page, the Hon. Anthony Gifford

of Roxburghe, the Countess of Rosebery, Lady Stratheden and the Earl of Home were among those who heard the Princess's first public speech on Scottish soil, and the Earl of Rosebery, as Regional Commissioner for Scotland, and Sir William Darling, as Lord Provost of Edinburgh, with Lady Darling, conducted the King and Queen on their tours of the city.

Also in Scotland

LIEUT.-GENERAL the Duke of Gloucester was another visitor to Edinburgh during the unofficial "little season" in the North; and he inspected officers and men of the Scots Guards, of which he is Colonel, during his stay. While his father was in Scotland, young Prince William of Gloucester was, for a few days, "in residence" at Buckingham Palace, since York House, the official residence of the Duke and Duchess in London, has for some time been closed and only used by the Duke for transacting official business and receiving visitors.

Dutch Queen Honoured

RARELY, in all the long history of the Order of the Garter, which stretches back over six centuries to the knightly days of King Edward III., can the Garter have been bestowed more worthily than on Queen Wilhelmina. Rarely, too, can a foreign monarch have been admitted to the Order with such lack of ceremonial and entire absence of splendid ritual, for the King invested his "sister of the Netherlands" with the highest Order in his power to bestow, in private, in the country, with only one of his own Queen, and Princess Juliana, Queen Wilhelmina's heirress, to witness the historic moment.

The banner of the Dutch Queen, and her shield, with the Royal Arms of the House of Orange Nassau, will shortly be hung in the Garter Chapel of St. George's, Windsor, and Sir Frank Mitchell, former Assistant Private Secretary to King George V., and present Secretary of the Order of the Garter, is inscribing Her Majesty's name on the long scroll of Garter Knights, as the first and only Lady of the Garter other than the consort of the sovereign or his widow.

Hunting Romance

A WEDDING of great interest in the hunting world, where the young couple are both well known, took place recently at St. George's, Hanover Square, when Mr. Michael Hickman married Miss Loraine Clutterbuck. Mr. Hickman is the younger son of the late Brig. Gen. "Tommy" Hickman, and Mrs. Hickman who lives in Warwickshire, and when military duties permit he is a keen follower of the Warwickshire Hounds; his sister, Mrs. Pat Grey, had a pack of hounds in Ireland before the war when she was still Ann Hickman. Michael, who is in the 11th Hussars, fought in France this summer with his regiment, and came home in July, having been wounded in the lung. His



Mrs. Beatrice Wright, M.P., on Holiday at Trebetherick

Mrs. Beatrice Wright, M.P. for Bodmin Division, has been spending part of the summer vacation at Trebetherick with her three children. John (aged eleven) and Pauline (aged nine) are the children of her first husband, the late John Rathbone, M.P., and Faith (who was sixteen months when this was taken) is the daughter of Captain Paul Wright, who is now in France

Ellis, Bodmin



The Only Daughter of Admiral Sir Barry Domville and Lady Domville Married at Roehampton

Miss Miranda Domville, only daughter of Admiral Sir Barry Domville and Lady Domville, of Robin's Tree, Roehampton, was married to Lt. Alasdair Forbes Ferguson, D.S.C., R.N.V.R., at Holy Trinity Church, Roehampton, last month.

The bride's parents, Admiral Sir Barry Domville and Lady Domville (left), are seen leaving the church after the ceremony with the bridegroom's mother, Mrs. Forbes Ferguson. Admiral Domville, who is a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron, was placed on the retired list in 1936. He was President of the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, during the years 1932-34.

bride is fair and very pretty, and is the younger daughter of Lieut-Colonel and Mrs. Clutterbuck, who live in North Warwickshire, where she has hunted since she was a child and goes extremely well with the North Warwickshire Hounds. Mrs. Clutterbuck is also a keen supporter of the Hunt and a leading figure for many years in the Pony Club movement, which has done so much to teach the younger generation good horsemanship in a practical way, and all the "Do's and Don'ts" of the showing and hunting-field. The bride has worked hard through the war farming, at which she has been very successful.

Mansfield came to say good-bye to their only son, Viscount Stormont, who is now fourteen, and was off to Eton, where he is in his first year. Mrs. Gordon Ramsey of Farleyer, came to see her son, Neil, off too. These boys shared a sleeper with John Douglas, son of Major and Mrs. Frank Douglas, who live in Perthshire, and Brian Stewart-Wilson. They had a very

tuneful journey south, as Neil Ramsey brought his bagpipes with him. Colonel Moncrieff-Wright, of Kinmouth, joined the train with his young red-haired son, who is in his second year at Eton. Mrs. Thornton, who is the elder daughter of the late Hon. Maurice Brett and Mrs. Brett (Zena Dare, the actress), was there seeing her small son, Timothy,

(Concluded on page 24)

Club for the R.N.V.R.

STRAIGHT stripes and wavy assembled for the launching into Clubland by the First Lord of the Admiralty of the King Alfred Club for R.N.V.R. officers. It has had an uphill fight to come into being, for it got badly shaken up in the "little blitz" of February, and the opening had to be postponed. Short drinks and short speeches preceded the buffet lunch. Mr. A. V. Alexander, who was introduced by the secretary, Captain Wise, was in excellent form and paid tribute to the fine work of the R.N.V.R. officers who now form 60 per cent. of the Royal Navy's officers. Commodore Earl Howe also spoke, and the Lords of the Admiralty, and Senior and Junior Straight and Wavy Navy officers adjourned to the buffet, where the food promised well for the comfort of future members. Lord Bruntisfield, Parliamentary Secretary of the Admiralty, and Admiral Harcourt were among those present. Fifty-two officers can be accommodated in ship-shape bunk beds in neat cubicles in the Club, and will only be charged 5s. 6d. for bed and breakfast. The premises were formerly the old Marlborough Club, and include a big dining-room, a lounge with chintz-covered sofas and chairs, and a "men only" bar which contains a fine seventeenth-century seascape presented by Mrs. Corrigan. This got damaged in the February blitz, but Miss Bruce, the assistant secretary, gave it efficient first aid until it could be properly restored.

Social Station

PERTH STATION is always quite a social rendezvous during August and September, but especially at the first and last days of the school holidays. The night before Eton went back there were many parents seeing off or escorting their young back to school on the night train. The Earl and Countess of



Dudley, Derby

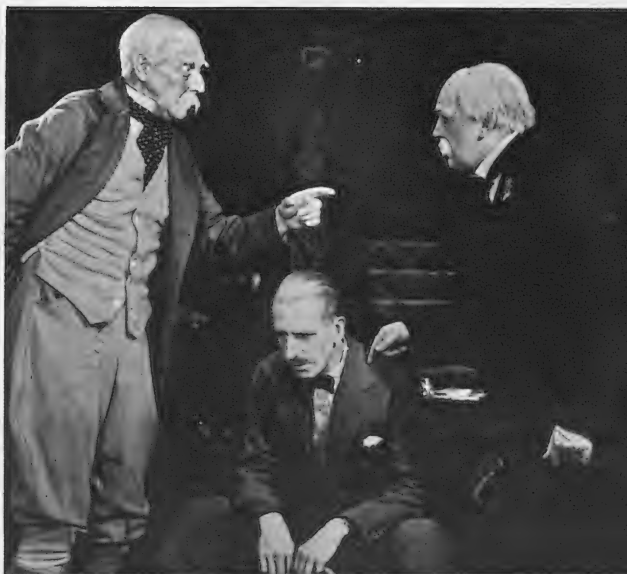
H.R.H. the Princess Royal Visits Red Cross Auxiliary Hospital

The Red Cross Auxiliary Hospital at Parwich, near Ashbourne, Derbyshire, was recently honoured by a visit from H.R.H. the Princess Royal. Seated in the front row above are Miss Whysall (Matron), Sir Ernest Cowell, K.B.E., D.S.O. (Surgeon to H.M. the King), Mrs. Leonard Hardy (Commandant), H.R.H. the Princess Royal, Dowager Duchess of Devonshire, Major-Gen. R. W. D. Leslie and Dr. Hollick (Medical Officer). Standing at the back are the hospital staff.



Reginald: "An array of perfect Banbury noses"

The play opens in the summer of 1943. Reginald Hume-Banbury, great-grandson of the original Col. Algernon Hume-Banbury, rebels against the family tradition of military service. (Roger Livesey, Richard Wordsworth, Hugh Burden, Marione Everall)



Vickery: "'Ave you pronounced sentence yet, Sir?"

Sgt. Vickery, now the family butler, cannot break away from Service routine. (Roger Livesey, Alan Trotter, Lyn Evans)



Reggie: "We're warriors, Algernon, remember that"

1900. Family responsibilities rapidly change Reggie, hitherto a normal young man. Signs of the latent martinet become apparent almost immediately, and he starts impressing on his son the glorious tradition of service synonymous with the name of Hume-Banbury. (Ursula Jeans, Philip Hillman, Roger Livesey)

One Generation to Another

History Repeats Itself
in Ustinov's New Play
"The Banbury Nose"

● Peter Ustinov has based his latest play, presented by Linnet and Dunfee at Wyndham's Theatre, on a quotation from Kierkegaard: "Life can only be understood backward. But it must be lived forwards." The play follows backwards the fortunes of the family of Hume-Banbury, bound by tradition and a family nose to an acceptance of military service. The play opens in 1943, when the youngest member of the family, a young man who has fought of his own will in the Spanish Civil Wars and returned with a Spanish wife, rebels against family tradition and walks out. It then traces through the preceding sixty years the growth of the inheritance which threatens to squeeze the life blood from a fine old British family. The play is directed by Norman Marshall and takes place in the Great Room at Cheverton Abbey, the family seat of the Hume-Banburys in Sussex. The scene has been designed by Michael Relf and painted by the Harkers

Photographs by
John Vickers



Reggie: "You're going to be a soldier when you grow up"
 Reginald (his grandson): "No, I'm not"
 It is 1920. Reginald, the young man of the first scene, shows the beginnings of an independent spirit at a young age. (Ursula Jeans, Michael Shepley, Richard Hart, Roger Livesey, Hugh Burden, Alan Trotter)



Norbiton: "I am not at all sure that a day of mourning . . . should be devoted to frivolous holiday talk"
 1900. The Bishop of Norbiton reprimands his nephew, the Rev. Saunders (Michael Shepley, Eric Messiter, Hugh Burden, Ursula Jeans)



Col. Algernon: "I must remember to bring you a box or two from Cairo, Canon"
 1884. Col. Algernon Hume-Banbury promises the Canon (later Bishop of Norbiton) a box of Turkish cigarettes. (Christine Silver, Eric Messiter, Eric Maturin)



Selina: "We must always remember your father with reverence"
 1900. Col. Algernon Hume-Banbury is dead. His widow passes on the family tradition and responsibilities to her son, Reginald. (Christine Silver, Roger Livesey, Ursula Jeans)



Frances: "I was just thinking . . . what great happy futures lie before us all"
 1884. Frances and Reginald have just become secretly engaged. Lt. Strutt and Caroline are in love. Guy Saunders is as yet untouched by the disappointments of the life before him. The irony of Frances's remark is apparent only to the audience. (Michael Shepley, Isolde Denham, Hugh Burden, Roger Livesey, Ursula Jeans)

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

ARCHAEOLOGISTS are gloating over the silver lining to the late German thundercloud over London, namely, the laying bare by enemy bombs of fascinating new vistas of the Roman Wall.

A properly organised scientific "dig," as in Palestine and Chaldea and other places, would be the thing, obviously, but archaeologists are probably shy of conducting a "dig" in the City, right under the Race's nose. For then, apart from a colossal rubberneck problem which would drive the police crazy, the Race would find out that archaeologists don't dig themselves, as most people think, but sit in little tents all day drinking whisky and soda while the actual work is done by gangs of sweating serfs. At long intervals the archaeologist comes out and claps his hands imperiously and cries "Narkish hair!" or "Balak hokum!" and the overseer waves his whip and shouts "Waksheef!", meaning "Lord, your slightest wish is the breath of my ignoble nostrils." The archaeologist then retires and pours himself another snifter, fiddles with a paysheet or two, and goes to sleep till sundown, and the overseer is rude about him in three languages. We got these facts from a chap on a celebrated Exploration Survey, Middle East, some time ago.

You may think the digging gangs get nothing much out of this, but they make

quite a bit on the side, this chap added, by "planting" discoveries and turning them unexpectedly up with the spade when the tourist season rolls round. As for the weals and blisters some archaeologists go round showing proudly on their hands after a "dig," those come from pressing the lever of soda-water siphons, this chap admitted, but he may have been a liar.

Kermesse

COMPLAINING that the Flemings are "strange and sombre" and "cold by French or Walloon standards" in their welcome, one of the special correspondent boys was generalising too loosely, we felt.

The Flemings may not have kissed him personally, but what of that? It is a wellknown Flemish trick to discriminate. One can be easily misled by those rollicking canvases of the Flemish School—Jordaens and Brueghel, for instance—into believing the contrary. Maybe during that merry rustic orgy of Pieter Brueghel's, *The Village Wedding*, the entry of that particular special correspondent would have created a dead silence



MAURICE McLOUGHLIN

"—I held the Atlantic record for a couple of hours last month"

and everybody would have stopped eating and drinking and kissing right away and said well, well, they must be going. (There's a rather stony wench at the middle of the further table who seems to be stiffening and saying "Oh, my God—the *Daily Snoop!*") Yet if it had been (say) the *Times* Correspondent, a score of ruby lips would have been pressed passionately to his before you could say "Astor," and he'd be one of the party right away and idolised by all. We may be wrong. We'd have to see both boys in a good light before deciding.

Footnote

SURELY to brand the Flemings as strange and cold and 'sombre' without asking oneself: "Is there anything about my face (pan, clock, dial, mush) which makes the Flemings strange and cold and sombre?" is therefore peculiar. If it were us, we'd go back over the frontier once or twice and try a new entrance from about three different angles before making a statement like that.

"Kermesse today—but not for you." (Old Bruges Saying.)

Check

THIS new experiment of performing classical and chamber-music in pubs, for which Doncaster J.P.s., running true to J.P. form, have already refused a licence, is of course an adaptation of that pre-1939 idea of giving slightly highbrow poetry-recitals and theatrical performances in pubs, which was so successful, or wasn't, we forget which.

It's not surprising that the brewers are enthusiastic over this sort of arty movement. If the citizenry in the saloon bar become absorbed in poetry, drama, and music they tend to forget the kind of beer they're drinking, maybe. (To ensure total forgetfulness you'd probably require

(Concluded on page 14)



Anton

"And the man who sold it to me, dear, has been training it for over two years to dive under water for fish"



Lady Jean Mackintosh and her four children entered the Family Class event. Charlach, Lady Jean, Sheena, Douglas (partly hidden) and Vora are seen in action



The well-known rider Diana Bell was on short leave from her duties in the F.A.N.Y., and took part in the Musical Posts Event

● The Mounted Gymkhana held last month at Ferne, Shaftesbury, was organised by Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay in aid of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. There were seventeen events, including a Family Class in which two or more members of one family were judged on general turnout and management, a Best Fancy-Dress Pony and Rider Class, and a Bun-and-Whistle Race in Pairs



Flavian and Angela Coryton are the daughters of Air Marshal W. A. C. Coryton. They are with Susan Kent, whose father is a Commander in the Royal Navy

Mounted Gymkhana at Ferne

Organised by Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay

Photographs by Bealing, Shaftesbury



One of the youngest competitors was Cedric Marshall, who was led in by his big sister Grania



Miss I. M. Harding cleared the hurdle provided by the Dutch artist Frans Baljon



Charles Adeane was a young competitor. His mother, Mrs. Adeane, of Babraham Hall, Cambridge, is in the centre, with Mr. Geoffrey Warner on the left



Alasdair Douglas-Hamilton sat his prize-winning donkey proudly. He is with his mother, Lady Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton,



As a prehistoric hunter, Malcolm Drummond-Hay was a frightening warrior. Miss Diana Veasey, holding pony, was the designer and maker of the costume



Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay was the secretary and organiser of the Show. She is seen checking entries with Miss Ursula Lewis

Standing By ...

(Continued)

the Dance of the Ouled-Nails, disappointing as those over-boasted babies' gyrations are.) Anyhow, if this racket succeeds it will at least give chamber-music quartets a change from playing to cows to ensure a more intensive milk-supply, under Min. of Agriculture (Psychology Dept.) auspices. And there'd be fewer shocks. You've heard of the cow in Bedfordshire which turned round after a Bach quartet and said to the leader: "Tone too rough." This conversation ensued:

"Eh?"

"I said your tone was too rough. That adagio was lousy."

"Bit of a critic, ain't you?"

"I certainly am, and a damned good critic too."

The quarter-leader sneered and began putting his fiddle away. Having done so he resumed the conversation:

"So you're a critic?"

"I told you once, you fool. I used to write for *Time and Tide*."

There was no answer to that. A cow which writes critiques for *Time and Tide* is naturally something pretty superior, so the quartet spat on the byre-floor and left in a huff. That's the story as we got it from a chap in the Ministry. Probably the quartet's version is different.

Revolt

IN Westminster, according to a member of the City Council, they shudder at the idea of prefabricated Portal houses in their midst, and this is not surprising.

A lot of the horrid Westminster slums of Victorian times have now given place

to expensive and decorously-decorative little houses inhabited by the wealthier intelligentsia; also by people of charm and culture, and even by M.P.s. Aesthetics may therefore be one reason for shuddering at mass-produced Portalism. Another reason is that residents of Westminster have webbed feet, as we've noted before, owing to living in the great marshy Bulinga Fen, once drained and reclaimed by the Benedictines of Westminster but now relapsing. This peculiarity makes the more sensitive Westminster resident (like the Reine Pédaque) touchy, resentful, and fearful of being "got at." Hence anything like a row of tin duck-houses planted in their midst would be a fearful insult.

Footnote

FEET in Westminster become webbed within six months of residence, and a slight permanent waddle is observed. You will say this is awkward for Westminster girls. Yes, it is awkward for them. They can very rarely marry outside Westminster, and the resultant inbreeding is producing tiny feathers on the back and a round, bright, bewildered eye. When you see—as you often do—a resident M.P. tearing off his shirt in a quiet Westminster street and frantically smacking himself on the back, you will know the Frightful Truth has dawned.

Spoil

BY thieving so many Old Masters from occupied countries, which loot will have to be returned, the Boche raises a question which has often perturbed us in the Louvre and elsewhere; namely, once you begin demanding the return of Old Masters, where do you begin, or end?

Napoleon and his marshals were master-looters, as everybody knows. When Soult's armies, for example, left Spain his baggage-train was a mile long and dripping with the spoil of Spanish churches, convents, palaces, and galleries. And Napoleon's boys were not the first. Most of the picture-galleries of Europe would look odd if the rightful owners of some of their treasures ever got them back (which they

"Now tell Colonel Tiverton why you want to be a mountaineer"

won't). Italy could probably claim 50 per cent of them, with Flanders next on the list. And when that business was settled, China might reasonably bob up and mention the Summer Palaces of Peking. In the annals of big-time burglary this is probably tops, we gather. The spectacle of haughty ladies of good family and impeccable virtue staggering away bent double under the weight of Ming jars and jade gods and bales of priceless silks had to be seen, apparently, to be believed. It was the Shoplifters' Dream of Paradise, and in our opinion the whole thing was rather un-English.

Song

ONE of the Nature boys, giving tongue on the nuisance of the Crowing Cockerel in Built-Up Areas, hadn't heard apparently of a cheap and simple means of coping with that musical feathered chum, well known to us hayseeds.

Before a cock of any kind crows, he throws his head up. If you suspend a light plank, beam, or lath above him in such a fashion that every time he throws up his head he gets a smart boff, he will be seized with stupefaction and fear and be unable to emit a single squeak. This procedure was invented for dealing with not cocks but tenors, oddly enough. A Nature-lover who had observed a neighbouring tenor throwing up his head preparatory to bursting into an aria from *Madame Butterfly* wrote to the musical papers saying it was unnecessary to call round as maddened people did, with a knobkerry, and described his idea. Before long all the principal stores were selling neat planks with dainty chains for suspension from the ceiling—the kind you see now and again descending from the flies on Wagner nights at Covent Garden, when the house-manager signals the conductor (one red, two green) that Ole Debble Public has obviously had a basinful and is about to wreck the place.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Thank you, m'boy, tell the fellow to drive to Piccadilly Circus and stop at the first blonde!"

(With acknowledgments to James Agate)



Counting his chickens—or some of them. The Welsh miner (Sydney Bland), Jenny Jones (Mary Waterman) and a mere fifteen of his nineteen children

Welsh, Look You Story, Song, Ballet—"Jenny Jones" at the Hippodrome

● The new George Black musical is a slice of Welsh life in a mining town, based on the stories of Rhys Davies, with songs and ballets to add a decorative spice. The story concerns a miner with nineteen children, and so much publicity that he marries again to bring the total to twenty-one. Carole Lynne, the principal singer, is one of the brood. Jenny Jones is the big-hearted girl who might have married the school-master, but makes a career instead. She puts on his operetta at the local theatre to prevent a factory from desecrating the site of the ruined abbey. The legend of the gay monk, the disapproving Bishop and the condoning Virgin makes a colourful ballet. The other ballet is an incident of Nelson, the future George IV. and a Cuban beauty

Photographs by
Tunbridge-Sedgwick



Flash-back in mime and ballet to the legendary miracle of St. Ceiriog's Abbey. Dresses, Leslie Hurry; Dances, Wendy Toye



David (Malcolm Thomas) sings for composer Paul (Robert Sydney) and Jenny (Mary Waterman), the local girl who makes good



Aristotle Herbs (Balliol Holloway) is an eccentric old gentleman with quack remedies for sale to the inhabitants of Aberdoulais



Comic relief is provided by Jimmy James as an ex-miner, and Deering Wells (with dog) as a local loon



"Episode in Havannah," part of the home-made operetta financed by Jenny. Carole Lynne as the Cuban beauty, Robert Sydney as Prince George



A Walk by the Lily Pond

“Diplomatic Immunity” at Denham

Lord and Lady Vansittart at Their Beautiful
Buckinghamshire Home

● After nearly forty years of diplomatic activity, in 1941, at the age of sixty, Sir Robert Vansittart relinquished his appointment of Chief Diplomatic Adviser which he had held since 1938, and a Barony was conferred on him on his retirement. Since then he has been an ardent exponent of the policy—called “Vansittartism” by his opponents—relating to the treatment of Germany after the war, strongly advocating the complete disarmament, occupation and re-education of the country for at least one generation. Lord Vansittart was Secretary to Lord Curzon from 1920 to 1924, and from 1930 to 1938 was Permanent Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. He married in 1931, as his second wife, the widow of Sir Colville Barclay, former British Ambassador at Lisbon



Denham Place from the Garden



Denham Place, Home of Lord



A View of the Library at Denham



nsittart



Lord and Lady Vansittart on a Bench in the Garden

Four Fighter Pilots



W/Cdr. R. P. Beamont, D.S.O. and Bar, D.F.C. and Bar, son of Major and Mrs. Beamont, of Chichester, first made his name as a "train-buster." A former test pilot, at twenty-five he commands a station from which the Typhoon, fastest aircraft in the world, operates, and has had remarkable successes against the flying bombs



C/Capt. John Cunningham, D.S.O. and three Bars, D.F.C. and two Bars, famous night-fighter pilot, has had a meteoric career. At eighteen he was a member of the County of Middlesex Auxiliary Air Squadron, and at twenty-one a test pilot. He became a Group Captain this year, and won his third D.S.O. when he had twenty-eight aircraft to his credit

Right: W/Cdr. F. S. Scott-Malden, D.S.O., D.F.C. and Bar, born at Portslade, Sussex, was educated at Winchester and Cambridge, where he was a member of the University Air Squadron. He enlisted, and was commissioned in 1939. The official citation refers to him as a magnificent leader, a brilliant pilot and a fine tactician



W/Cdr. F. S. Scott-Malden



W/Cdr. D. E. Kingaby, D.S.O., D.F.M. and two Bars, a Battle of Britain ace, was top-scoring sergeant in Fighter Command before being commissioned. The only fighter-pilot to win three D.F.M.s, he earned for himself the name, "M.E. 109 Specialist," winning his first decoration when he destroyed four in one day. Kingaby is now a Wing leader

W/Cdr. D. E. Kingaby

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

"Pour Encourager les Autres!"

GERMANY'S Verführer has told the Officers' Corps that it is the only body which can win the Third World War, and by way of emphasising the truth of this statement, he has hanged them in rows. The German General Staff may be a most erudite collection of warriors, but it has signally failed to prove the fact in this war. Anything will seem to gallop fast past a tree. The tree in the present case is "General" von Hitler.

A Loss to the Jockey Club

It has often been said that there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it. This may be true of fish; it is not true of handicappers. The retirement of Mr. Arthur Fawcett, Official Handicapper to the Jockey Club since 1931, is not only a great loss to the ruling turf body, but, in the view of a great many people, a calamity, mainly because it is impossible to name anyone who can adequately take his place. Handicapping is so much more than just doing sums and then working things out by rule of thumb. It demands the eyes of a lynx, a cinematographic mind and a capacious memory, likewise a capacity for absorbing in a split second what is going on and also what is *not* going on—if you catch my meaning? A handicapper has to be his own reader of every race, for no one can do it for him, and must also be a super Sherlock Holmes, and, like that worthy, completely deaf to the bletherings of any Dr. Watson. He must, in fact, be an Admirable Crichton. The English turf is losing its Crichton! From 1912-13 till 1921 Mr. Fawcett was Official Handicapper to the Royal Calcutta Turf Club, and it is among my chiefest regrets that I had left India before he commenced operations, but I know that he was a brilliant success at a time when such a master of his craft was badly needed. He followed the painstaking Mr. Sam Griffiths, who had served his novitiate in Australia, and who, in his turn, had succeeded Mr. Robert Boteler, who was a good handicapper, but apt to be a bit temperamental, a failing which must perforce add many leaden years to any handicapper's existence. Racing folk naturally are waiting almost breathlessly for the announcement of Mr. Arthur Fawcett's successor. Mr. Fawcett will be a very difficult man to follow.

Hippodromania

BEING precluded by the unkind way in which racing dates treat picture papers from knowing at the time this is written what has won either the Champion or Middle Park Stakes, I can only surmise and hope. I hope that they have not run Abbots Fell for a race that is no test at all for a champion, for it is only 1½ miles; and that he is now to be put by for something which is far worthier of his steel, next year's Gold Cup. I think the same way about Tehran, for good stayers are scarce, and he is still very young. I observe that they are backing him for the Jockey Club Cup 2½ miles (October 10th), and I suppose that this must mean they intend to run him. It is a long trek for any three-year-old, and furthermore, I believe that gallant Bright Lady must win it on the Gold Cup running, for she was only beaten a head by Umiddad, who was completely rowed out. Bright Lady is not in her giddy girlhood, but mares, when they have left the years of indiscretion behind them, seem to carry on much better than the opposite sex. Anyway, here I am sure we have an honest woman of greater price than many rubies, and I think she will be one too many for the gay young gentlemen of the party. All these three Leger heroes are no doubt out to have a crack at her. I expect



Mr. W. A. Ingram and His Daughter

Mr. W. A. Ingram, who in the early years of this century was known as one of the finest doubles players ever to represent England, came to watch the exhibitions with his daughter, Mrs. Peggy Morison, who was his partner in the Mixed Doubles and who used to play for Middlesex.

that the flying northerner, Dante, will have won the Middle Park, for he positively burned up the ground in the Coventry Stakes, and put the 5 furlongs behind him in 59½ secs. I see no reason why he should not have got the extra furlong in equally pigeon-catching style. I am sure that many of us would like to see Miss Dorothy Paget recompensed for some of



Horse Show at Cirencester in Aid of the Memorial Hospital

Mrs. Linguard-Guthrie walked round with Viscount Knutsford (who, with Mr. George Maundrell, judged the Jumping) and Colonel W. Chester-Master



Tennis at Victoria Park, Neubury

Miss Amy Briant (Wilts County), Miss Margot Lumb (British International and Surrey), Mrs. Menzies (British International and Herts) and Miss Pat O'Connell opened the event with a women's doubles. The exhibitions are to benefit the Duke of Gloucester's Red Cross and St. John Fund

her disappointments this season, and the Tornadoic colt (Typhoon?) may have started to do it. If he has not, I believe that he is certain to do so next season. Incidentally, as we are talking about two-year-old cracks, I suggest that we take no notice of Sun Stream's recent defeat by Sweet Cygnet and Neola (head—short head), and remember, rather, the Queen Mary Stakes on Oaks Day, when the order was Sun Stream, Sweet Cygnet, Fille Du Regiment (q.v.); a length easily—two lengths. It will not be surprising if next season Sun Stream proves to be the best of her age of either sex.

United Services

AT some recent nuptials at Botley, Hants, the senior one was represented by Sub-Lieut. D. McAdam Craig, and the Army by Miss Betty Gourlie. The bridegroom was in the Winchester Soccer XI, and was a special entry into the Navy, and the bride is the daughter of Colonel James Gourlie, D.S.O., who formally commanded the Central India Horse, and of Mrs. Gourlie, who is a niece of the late Mr. Bob Craig McKerrow, well known in the coaching world and on the turf in India where, when in Calcutta, he won some good races with the English mare Victo and a horse named Little Slave. James Gourlie is one of the most amusing personalities who has ever worn the King's uniform, and one of the most popular ones in the Army. It would demand space

(Concluded on page 20)



W. Dennis Moss

Mrs. de Freuille, wife of the chairman, Major H. de Freuille, watched the events with Lady Cripps, wife of Major Sir Frederick Cripps, of Ampney Park



D. R. Stuart

Christening Party

Frank Shields, the American Davis Cup player, and F/Lt. E. H. Hemsted were godfathers when Henry Billington's young son, Timothy, was christened at St. Nicholas's Church, Newbury. The baby's parents are on the right

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

the length of one of Mr. Shakespeare's plays to set down even a small part of his adventures steeplechasing (and with elephants), many of which happened during the joyous period when he was adjutant of that fine Indian Yeomanry unit, the Calcutta Light Horse. He got his D.S.O. in the first German war, during a part of which he was attached to the 16th Lancers. Later he went back to his regiment, and was in Allenby's historic cavalry pursuit when, amongst other things, they so nearly caught Germany's star bungler, von Papen, late of the 2nd Uhlans of the Guard! They also nearly caught Liman von Sanders, the German General commanding the Turkish forces. Colonel Gourlie commanded the Central Indian Horse during part of the time when they were putting up that grand record in the Indian Inter-Regimental Polo Tournaments. Here are some statistics, which I think are of interest: 1922, won, beating the crack P.A.V.O. Cavalry; 1924, 1925, runners-up to the P.A.V.O.; 1926, runners-up to the 15th Lancers; 1927, won, beating Probyn's Horse; 1928, runners-up to the P.A.V.O.;



Snapshots from the Course: by "The Tout"

Viscount Adare sent eight yearlings to the Sales at Newmarket last month from his Fort Union Stud in Ireland. They all fetched good prices, particularly those by Panorama. Mr. Phil Bull, who owns Lady Electra, was in the market for several of them; he trains with Cecil Ray at Malton. Mr. Tom Lilley—the man of boots—is a comparatively recent recruit to racing. He trains with Fred Templeman at Lambourne, and owns Wildcat, runner-up to Fille du Regiment in the Rous Stakes. Captain E. A. Ingram has a share in the syndicate that owns the very successful sire, William of Valence. His horses are trained by Eric Stedall. Captain A. E. Brice, famous as the Waterloo Cup Judge, also has a stud at Witham, and sent a number of yearlings to the Sales at Park Paddock, where Lord Dudley was an interested spectator. Lord Dudley's son, Viscount Ednam, was recently reported wounded in Italy



Baldoyle Races: A Winner and Some of the Spectators

Poole, Dublin

Miss Evelyn Kerr, sister of Mr. Bertie Kerr, led in Golden Days, on whom W. Howard rode a strong finish in the Kilbarrack Plate

Sir John Esmonde, Bt., K.C., half-brother of the late Lt.-Cdr. Eugene Esmonde, V.C., D.S.O., was with Lady Esmonde. At the age of twenty-one, Sir John represented Tipperary

Dr. Thomas Bodkin, Director of the Barber Institute of Fine Arts at Birmingham, walked round the Enclosure with Mrs. Cecil Lavery, wife of Ireland's leading K.C.

1929, won, beating the 15th Lancers; 1930, won, beating the 15/19th Hussars; 1931, won, beating the 15th Lancers; 1934, runners-up to the P.A.V.O. The C.I.H. and many of their foemen provided players of international class. *Haec olim meminisse juvabit!*

Have a Care

IN spite of the many timely warnings by our Ignorant Minister of Home Security against picking up or even touching any strange object seen lying in the path of John Smith, and particularly of John Smith minor, many fatal results have accrued mainly because, so I find, it has been argued that as no German 'planes can now come over, and V-I's and V-II's do not drop these booby-traps, there can be no danger. I venture to suggest that this is a far too comfortable assumption, for 'planes are not the only available instruments for sowing death and destruction of this description. There are such things as enemy "agents," and at the present pass in this war, when, as we know to our cost, Germany is ready to do anything and everything in the hope of raising a "Stop the War" cry by the civilian population, these gentry no doubt have had orders to redouble their efforts. The best way to defeat them, next to catching them red-handed, is to obey implicitly the warning issued by the vigilant authority named above, and avoid things like a half-smoked cigar, a pencil, an old tin box, a seemingly derelict handkerchief.

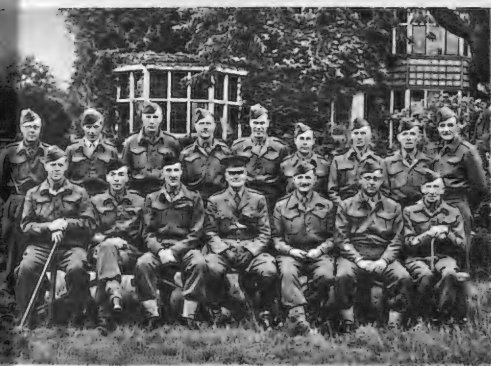
On Active Service



D. R. Stuart

Officers of an American Cavalry Squadron in England

Front row: Lt. Erwin, Capt. Grosball, Frink, Clark, Major Kroencke, Lt. Col. Engelbeck, Major Whitehead, Capt. Weickel, Price, Lt. M. Jacobow, Helger. Middle row: Lts. Mitchell, Morelli, Farmer, Ward, Schweitzer, Coleman, O'Brien, Mr. Chriss, Lts. Stevens, Cullinan. Back row: Mr. Sears, Lts. Hicks, Barrow, Doolen, Riley, Capt. Marvel



Officers of the 32nd (Edenbridge) Battalion, Kent Home Guard

Front row: Major H. H. Bagnall, Capt. (A. and Q.) R. C. Greaves, Major D. S. Campbell, M.C., Lt.-Col. C. E. Thompson, D.S.O., M.C., Capt. (Adj.) E. A. Jones, Majors R. D. Hoblyn, C. E. Pym, C.B.E. Back row: Capt. W. S. Hinde, Lt. W. T. Daly, Capt. J. M. Dubuisson, Lt. W. E. Brandt, M.C., Lt. A. Minoprio, Majors P. E. Crofts, R. W. Davis, Lt. C. F. Mills, Capt. R. F. Goad



A Royal Naval Qualifying Meteorological Course

Front row: 3rd/O.s. Batchelor, F. Allen, Brandt, Best, Instr. Lt. Naish, Instr. Cdr. Pack, Capt. Garbett, D.N.M.S., Lt. Harwood, 3rd/O.s. Michie, Kimber, Bailey, Bower. Middle row: Instr. Lt. Jones, Lt. McIlheran, Instr. Lts. Stutter, Braithwaite, Wright, Instr. Lt.-Cdr. Stock, Instr. Lts. Cross, Small, Field, Ellis, Booth. Back row: Mid. Macgregor, Sub-Lts. Wilson, Moore, Marker, Skull, Burch, Strang, Stevenson, Boynton, Mid. Harris



T. H. Everett

A Command Basic Training Centre

Front row: Capt. K. G. Allen, J. E. Symondson (R.A.M.C., M.O.), G. A. Kaye, J. Joy (Adj.), Major A. G. Komrower, D.S.O. (Second in Command), Lt.-Col. C. E. Vaughan, M.B.E. (Commandant), Major D. J. Cotton Minchin (Chief Instructor), Capt. J. J. Carlos (Q.M.), F. E. Benwell, J. E. Dunning, R. L. Sharples (Admin. Officer). Middle row: Capt. J. Balchin, Lts. J. Myers, R. Parkinson-Cumine, G. A. Keen (Asst. Adj.), Capt. T. A. Blandford, Lts. R. Ferguson, H. C. Blanch, D. N. Paine, H. Ellis, 2nd Lt. W. Nash. Back row: Lts. R. Wilkie, A. J. Milne, H. J. Keigwin, W. E. Crowther, Rev. T. R. Colman, R.N.V.R., Lts. F. Tunstall, M. Drayton, D. T. Udy

Right, front row: Capt. N. J. Sinnott, W. Young, Majors E. Willis, I. M. Edwards, L. G. Brown, Lt.-Col. S. Preston, Majors F. E. W. Lanning, J. G. Daniell, R. G. Seward, Capt. G. E. Fowle, D. P. T. Holthouse. Second-row: Capt. G. D. Culverwell, B. N. Cama, Lts. Risal Singh Ram, A. Q. Niaz, I. A. Wazirah, Jagir Singh, A. B. Saddiqi, Dalbara Singh, M. A. Rahim, M. R. Khosla, B. Nana-vati, L. C. Ward, M. A. Rashid, R. H. Smith. Third row: Capt. W. R. Cox, Lts. F. E. Prince, P. S. Suri, Ghulam Mustafa, Zaffar Abdul-lah, Mohd Sadiq Khan, S. S. Gill, J. S. Handford, Capt. Khudajad Khan, Lts. G. L. Chopra, B. J. Clarke, 2nd Lt. S. S. Sandhu, Lt. J. E. Clarke. Back row: Lt. W. K. Lane, Capt. Pars Ram, 2nd Lt. Malik Aftab Ahmed, Lts. E. W. Shillong, C. F. Kells, S. D. Kapoor, C. E. Bloomfield, J. F. Campbell, 2nd Lt. P. Atkinson, Lts. A. N. Seth, T. G. M. Harrop, Capt. E. A. Smith, Lt. C. A. Forrest



Officers of the M.T.S. Depot, Delhi Cantt., 1944

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Youth and War

"WAR TIDE," by Lin Taiyi (Collins; 8s. 6d.), is sub-titled "A Novel of China To-day." As a picture of China at war it is excellent. But it impressed me still more for other reasons: it is one of the best documents of youth in any country at war that, I think, I have come across. The lifting of silence from European nations that have been suffering under the Nazi heel may soon produce novels no less remarkable: *War Tide* may be seen as a forerunner. Will these years, one wonders, have fostered precocious talent? For *War Tide* recommends itself to our notice as the work of a young girl of seventeen.

Lin Taiyi writes so freshly, simply and seriously, with such a blend of sternness and oddly-mature humour that to call her merely "accomplished" would seem patronising. As a fellow-novelist, I take off my hat to this very young writer's calm command of her medium. She seems to have by-passed all the mistakes into which the young so easily fall, and, without sacrificing any of the fire of youth, to have stepped straight into adult competence. Her novel, as a novel—apart, I mean, from its unforgettable human content—is a first-rate piece of work. Mrs. Pearl Buck, who supplies a comment on the back of the wrapper, explains that, though Lin Taiyi has experienced all that she writes about, the story itself is not autobiographical; it is what a novel should be—a work of imagination.

Lin Taiyi's heroine, Lo Yin, is two years older than herself: a girl of nineteen. It is through Lo Yin's eyes that we follow the adventures of her family—her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Tai; her brother, the young airman Fa-An; Fa-An's bride, Royal Pearl; the seven-year-old young brother, Little Bean; the dominating grandmother known as the Old Lady; and the stout, down-trodden, but great-hearted Third Aunt. The story opens at Hangchow (where Mr. Tai unsuccessfully runs a silk shop) with the wedding of Fa-An to Royal Pearl, in the atmosphere of a China not yet at war, but already dark and uneasy with war rumours. Lo-Yin and her brother, Fa-An—but he, unhappily for her, is much away—are the only realists in the Tai family: the grandmother lives in a fierce, proud, old-Chinese dream, insisting on ceremony and defying change; the father is dissipated, seedy and melancholic; the mother is sentimental and fatalistic; Little Bean is too young and Third Aunt too silent to count; and beautiful Royal Pearl, who after marriage lives with her husband's people, is a luxury, good-time girl who does little but eat sweetmeats, lament her grass-widowhood and attend to her nails and face. In fact, the Tai family in the most piping times of peace would have been a difficult proposition: for the uncomplaining Lo-Yin, who has to "carry them" throughout a long, dreadful

flight from town to town across China, before the Japanese armies, beset by Japanese bombers, they become a nightmare.

On the Move

Lo-Yin represents, and splendidly represents, young China: it is her spirit that dominates *War Tide*. Her role, when war comes, is an outwardly unheroic one: wistfully she sees her college girl-friend, Dragon's Eye, start for the front with an Amazon band when war comes. Lo-Yin is tied; her first duty is to her family. But her resolution, and still more, I think, her clear-sightedness, in themselves approach an heroic point, for no one could see more plainly that this family, who must be planned for, soothed, helped, guarded along their difficult way, are far from admirable, and that the muddling and day-dreaming of the elder Tais, and the type that they represent, have contributed not a little to China's helplessness. The grand spirit is, it is true, to be found in the grandmother; but, at the same time, the Old Lady's exactions are impossible, and she makes more trouble for Lo-Yin than all the rest put together.

The Old Lady's obstinacy, in the first place, nearly brings Royal Pearl to an unspeakable fate at the hands of the Japanese. Train and river journeys—for safety is to be found nowhere, and the Tais, with thousands of others, must keep moving on and on before the invader—and nerve-racking waits in villages teeming with refugees are made fantastic by a series of family crises. These last are treated with a good deal of humour. Horrors, inevitably, are not lacking; but I should give a quite wrong impression of *War Tide* if I let you think



Marcus Adams

Miss Peggy Scott

A new book, entitled "*They Made Invasion Possible*," by Peggy Scott, was published on September 21 by Hutchinson. In a previous work, "*British Women at War*," the authoress has covered the whole field of women's activities during the present conflict

it dealt only with disaster and flight. Domestic comedy and brilliant characterisation are always present, to keep things sane. There is the quiet interlude at Hankow, where the Tais set up a far more successful silk shop, poor Mr. Tai (perhaps mercifully) having been drowned. There is the courtship of Yo-Lin by Shen, her brother's airman friend, who had begun by dreading her as a highbrow girl. And there is Mr. Suyachi, the glum Japanese prisoner, captured by Dragon's Eye and her band of embattled flappers, and afterwards, as he complains, "led around like a circus." The profound contempt of the Chinese for the Japanese, for "the little beasts," appears on every page.

I think Mrs. Buck's Comment on Lin Taiyi's achievement sums up *War Tide* as well as anything else.

What she portrays is the steadfast strength of youth in a world that has lost all other stability. In her book the old are tired and bewildered because their world is destroyed. But the young are not lost. They who have never known the security of house and home and land, build a security of the spirit that has nothing to do with the material things they have not had.

The Americans

"THE AMERICAN PROBLEM," by D. W. Brogan (Hamish Hamilton; 10s. 6d.), is a book written, and ably written, to explain the Americans to the English. You may remember that, a year or two ago, Mr. Brogan, in *The English People*, embarked on the no less bold undertaking of

(Concluded on page 24)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

I HAVE just been spending a few days with two almost arrogant "townies" in the depth of a beautiful countryside. In the beginning, of course, the opportunity to pick any number of flowers without having to pay for them caused a certain amount of pleasurable excitement. After that, boredom and mental bewilderment set in like fog in a black-out. No streets, no shops, no crowds, no theatres, no cinemas, and only one pub! They could not imagine how anybody of their own free choice would willingly bury themselves in such surroundings. The green solitude of the fields and lanes, the ever-changing loveliness of shadows on the hillside, the pageantry of cloud-effect against an azure sky, left them stone-cold. I doubt if they even noticed them. What on earth to do next haunted them from morning to night. And the only answer fate suggested, which was to amuse themselves, seemed to appal them. So they sat about in what was pre-war Bond Street's idea of "country clothes" waiting for something to happen, but not in the least bit hopeful.

September was ablaze with loveliness. The blessed silence was scented with innumerable flowers. It seemed to me that it was good merely to be alive. I was wrong. An occasional Army lorry, stinking and noisy, passing down the lane was worth them all. The two "townies" came to the alert. "I wonder where he's off to?" said one. "I wish he'd take me for a ride!" said the other. "Can't

think why he doesn't use the by-pass, where he rightly belongs, and not pollute our lane," I interjected. There was no response. In another moment I might have been told there is a war on! Luckily it was seven o'clock in the evening. The "local" would be open. "Let's go," said the "townies." "It will be something to do."

Perhaps they would not have irritated me so greatly if I had not felt that all which interested country folk in country life were not to them something unimportant and rather childish. That the laws of nature were trivial beside the pre-adult law by which the box-office governs the film world. That not to have heard the "latest" was to be culturally "lost." That without a crowded, noisy scene, life presented little more than a blank. That solitude was unbearable and silence a discomfort. That anything going on around was preferable to the alone-ness which breeds contemplation.

No wonder, I concluded, propaganda has become the most important influence in the world, with newspapers a good second, and the films not far behind. Always a kind of rootless development from without and so little of that mental and spiritual growth which comes from within. With less and less of that happy re-creation which comes from man's own individual creativeness. Until at last so many men and women, when left alone with themselves, are made almost frantic by their inner boredom.

End-of-Summer Snapshots



**The Hon. Mrs. Hamilton-Russell
and Her Sons**

The wife of Col. the Hon. Richard Gustavus Hamilton-Russell, D.S.O., was formerly the Hon. Pamela Cayzer, and was staying at Tylney Hall, home of her parents, Lord and Lady Rotherwick, when photographed with her sons, Richard and Brian. Her husband, uncle of Viscount Boyne, won a bar to the D.S.O. at Cassino in May

Photographs by
Compton Collier



Lady Cecilia McKenna and Sophia Mary

Lady Cecilia McKenna is seen in the garden of her Hampstead home with her youngest daughter, born in June this year. Lady Cecilia, elder daughter of the Earl of Albemarle, married in 1934 Lt.-Col. David McKenna, son of the late Rt. Hon. Reginald McKenna. She has two daughters besides Sophia



Mrs. Eustace Maxwell and Mrs. Duncan with Their Children

Right: Mrs. Maxwell with her children, Diana and Michael, is living at present with her parents, Capt. and Mrs. George Bellville, at Fermyn Woods Hall, Northamptonshire. Her husband is Major Eustace Maxwell, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, brother and heir-presumptive of Sir Aymer Maxwell, Bt. Mrs. Duncan, whose husband is serving in Italy, was staying with them with her small daughter, Elizabeth Anne. Mrs. Maxwell and Mrs. Duncan are both working for the American Red Cross

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 9)

off to his preparatory school. She was able to give good news of her husband, who was wounded while serving with his regiment, the Coldstream Guards, in France, and is now in hospital in this country. Others who boarded this train to go South were Lady MacGregor, of MacGregor, whose home is at Edinchip, in Perthshire, and General Sir Henry Loyd, known by all his friends as "Budget" Loyd, the G.O.C. His wife is the youngest daughter of the late Earl of Middleton, and they have a son and a daughter.

Also at Perth

IN the adjoining station hotel, the indomitable Duchess of Atholl was spotted interviewing that now so rare and coveted exponent of the culinary arts—a cook. Although she no longer represents her former Perthshire constituency at Westminster, the Duchess, whose zest for hard work is proverbial, now confines her activities mainly to county affairs. Since she is a confirmed cyclist, the petrol shortage troubles her not at all. She lives very simply in a modest little house on the banks of the Tay in Dunkeld, and is often to be seen busily digging in her riverside garden. Blair Castle, the Atholl family stronghold in the neighbourhood, has become a girls' school for the duration. Not many people, perhaps, are aware that the Duchess is an accomplished musician. Her one-time Parliamentary colleagues used jokingly to say that she made excellent notes in the House, but when she went home she made even better ones on the piano. The Duchess has composed quite a few musical works under her maiden name of Katherine Ramsay.

Around Town

DURING the past week or so London seems to have become more crowded than ever, and accommodation and table reservations are once more at a premium. At the May Fair, where Roland Peachey, the Canadian broadcasting star, is entertaining dancing enthusiasts with his wizardry on the electric guitar, restaurant life has returned completely to normal. In the lounge before dinner I noticed the Countess of Oxford and Asquith, who is now staying at the hotel, more impressive and regal-looking than ever, and, as usual, surrounded by an admiring throng; Lady Margaret Dawnay, with some friends; and the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava.



Repatriates' Dispersal Camp

The Dowager Lady Amphil, Head of the Red Cross and St. John Wounded, Missing, and Relatives' Department, recently visited a convalescent camp in Surrey from which repatriated prisoners of war are dispersed. She is seen above talking to Mrs. Pickard-Cambridge, the chief "searcher" for Surrey repatriated prisoners.



Naval Wedding at St. Dunstan's

Sub-Lt. Peter George Durance, R.N.V.R., only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Durance, of 71, Franks Avenue, New Malden, Surrey, married Miss Doreen Surridge, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Surridge, of "Brackendale," Pine Coombe, Addington, Surrey, at St. Dunstan's-in-the-West last month.

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 22)

explaining the English to the Americans. For a view of both nations he has a vantage point, for he himself is a mixture of Scotch and Irish.

Closeness is necessary: *The American Problem* is by no means intended for lazy readers: every sentence is packed with facts and ideas. Mr. Brogan, having given his subject his whole mind, very rightly expects you to give it the whole of yours.

The American problem [he says, in his last and summing-up chapter] is the problem of all free peoples in the modern world. It is the problem of how to extend some of the loyalty, the vigilance, the energy of national life to the world in which the national society has to live, and whose peace, order, development are more and more essential conditions of the good life of all national societies, of British, Russian and American.

The critical period in the life of a national society comes when it has to learn new habits, acquire new emotional attitudes, possibly unlearn some old lessons, forget some old and once useful habits. Such necessary change is painful for an individual and for a people. The cost of the necessary adaptation is very great.

And Now?

WE have been given, mainly, a study, in Mr. Brogan's solid, foregoing chapters, of the present "critical period" in the national society of America, and are invited to study the process of "necessary change." We cannot recognise change, or appreciate its sometimes convulsive difficulties, unless we have some idea what has gone before. What, for instance, are those old lessons which America may be called upon to unlearn? Mr. Brogan opens with an analysis of much that went to America's making—a making that accomplished itself in centuries so amazingly few. He supplies a compressed sociological history, with inferences skilfully drawn from facts. For instance, he shows the emergence of women, as a very strong factor: one of one's first impressions of America is that it is a society in which the feminine point of view looms large. This, Mr. Brogan suggests, comes from American women having had to assert themselves and their values against an originally rather rough, ruthless and reckless man-dominated pioneer society. Having once gained ground, they continue to hold it firmly. Again, those occasional touches of apparent priggishness in the American attitude may be due to the same moral reaction. Here, we are shown, is a country which grew from its own sheer vigour, and, in growing, shaped itself upon conscious ideals.

The difficulty of applying these ideals is sympathetically set out in the second chapter, "Unity and Liberty," in which education, religion and political life within the U.S.A. are examined. All these three have not failed to be complicated by immigration—America's vast mixed human intake from Europe—and by the Negro problem. The relation, whether happy or not, of the farmer (closest in spirit to the original settler) to industrialised society supplies another important topic. We conclude with "The American Way in War."

Mr. Brogan's close knowledge of American writing, from the most serious to the most entertaining, puts him in a strong position. American humour goes remarkably near the bone. I am glad to see Mr. Brogan calls James Thurber "one of the most eminent American social critics."

The Foreign Wife

THE MEDEA OF EURIPIDES has been newly translated by Rex Warner; this is published by John Lane at 7s. 6d. Most of us know the Medea story; but I wonder how many of us have lately sat down to read any one of the existing translations?—for of these, of course, there are several. Mr. Warner says:

As this play . . . has already been translated several times into English, and, in the version of Professor Gilbert Murray, has enjoyed considerable success on the stage, it may well be asked why yet another version should be produced.

It may be said, in general, that Greek and Latin literature being so rich, the more translations there are the better. None of them will, in the nature of things, convey the full force of the original, but each may succeed in revealing a different aspect. So new translations do not so much supersede as complement old ones.

Mr. Warner has done his work with a poet's appreciation of words and feeling. His aim has been the closest possible word-by-word adherence to the original; and this fidelity he has refused to sacrifice either to usual metre or to rhyme. His English version achieves a sometimes rough, sometimes sublime, but always passionate simplicity; I can hardly believe any other could be more moving. Foreign Medea's wrongs and her agonising revenge are of all time; tragedy in this supreme sense has a timeless nearness to all life.

A World

FORREST REID's *Young Tom* (Faber and Faber; 7s. 6d.) completes a trilogy, but Mr. Reid has the unusual practice of following his hero back, not forward, through time. Here we have an earlier phase—small boyhood—in the life of the Tom we knew in *Uncle Stephen* and *The Retreat*. We enter the self-governing world of childhood, living, from a little boy's angle, through weeks of a North of Ireland summer. Shades of the prison house (lessons at the rectory, the entrance examination for school) are beginning to close, but their threat is not, so far, very great. Rats talk, bats and squirrels are valued friends. Ghosts are not much more unfamiliar than grandmothers, and are far less hostile than the rector's son. The unemphatic beauty of Mr. Forrest Reid's writing, and his power of capturing that strangeness that hangs over even familiar things, are probably known to you—if not, begin now to read the "Tom" trilogy, beginning at either end.

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• **Bedjackets** were included in the cut-coupon plan, and now only six are needed as against the old eight. This one is of quilted rayon satin in peach, pale blue or on a flowered ground. From *Dickins and Jones, Regent Street*

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Stories from Everywhere

A MOTORIST was driving through Surrey. He had lost his way. Seeing a yokel walking down the road, he pulled up and putting his head out of the window he called out sharply: "Leatherhead."

After a moment's thought the yokel answered: "Fish face," and walked on his way.

GOERING said to Hitler one day: "You know, I believe you are mistaken in saying that all non-Aryans are below German mentality." The Fuehrer replied: "How do you know that?" So Goering said: "I'll show you."

They went out together and called at a china shop, owned by a member of the party. Goering asked: "Have you a left-handed tea-service?" The proprietor replied: "No, I'm afraid I haven't such a thing." Then they went to another store owned by a party member and received the same reply.

Finally they came to a store owned by a Mr. Cohen, and Goering again asked: "Have you a left-handed tea-service?" and Mr. Cohen replied: "Well, now, you're very lucky; I've just got one in stock. But naturally it will cost you more than an ordinary tea-service." Goering paid for it, came out with Hitler, and turned to him and said: "There you are. Didn't I tell you they were smarter than us?" After a minute or two Hitler replied: "I still don't see you've proved anything. It was only a bit of luck his having one in stock."

AN old lady's house had been wrecked by a fly-bomb and she had been dug out after a great deal of trouble. After her rescue she was told that they had salvaged among other things a bottle of brandy from her store cupboard, and was asked if she would like some.

"No, no," she replied. "I'm keeping that for an emergency."

THE fast bowler of the village cricket team was also the local doctor. A villager arriving late at the match asked how the doctor was doing.

"Oh, 'e be doin' foine!" was the reply. "'E's got fower wickets an' three patients so far!"

SHE watched the door of her new establishment open to admit her first client. Business had started! A good impression must be created.

Hurriedly she grasped the telephone receiver and became engaged in an animated conversation. Then, appointment having been arranged, she replaced the receiver and, beaming on her customer, asked:

"What can I do for you, sir?"

A moment's pause, then: "If you please, ma'am, I've come to connect the telephone!"

THIS is taken from *The Forum*, Johannesburg:

On his rounds through the (South African) district the pastor called at a farm where he found no one at home save an old native. He told the native to tell his master that he had called and at the same time inquired whether it was the custom of the farmer to observe family prayers.

"Oh, yes, my baas," was the reply, "every evening the Oubaas takes the books, and the family gather round the table."

"So," said the minister, "and does the Oubaas allow you to come and listen too?"

"Yes," was the reply. "Old Sanna and I come and sit in the doorway to listen, while the Oubaas sits at the end of the table and the Ounooi at the other, with the young baas and young missus opposite each other on either side."

"And then what does the Oubaas say?" inquired the parson further.

"Then when the books have been handed out, and every one is ready and listening quietly," said the native, "the Oubaas calls out 'No trumps!'"

THE minister was imploring an old man to repent his sins.

"Well," said the old sinner, "if you will answer me one question, I will come to church."

"And what is the question?"

"Who was Cain's wife?"

"My friend," replied the minister, "you will never be able to embrace religion until you stop bothering yourself about other men's wives."



Marlene Dietrich is the latest Hollywood film star to cross the Atlantic. She was in London when this photograph was taken and looking more glamorous than ever in her very smart U.S.O. Camp Shows uniform. Marlene is over here to entertain men of the Allied Services in the European Theatre of Operations

The fact that goods made of raw materials, in short supply owing to war conditions, are advertised in this paper, should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export



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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Sky-Men

GOLD bars (real ones) used to be a popular form of air freight, so perhaps it is not so extraordinary as it first seemed that tanks and guns should go by air. In the airborne operations in Holland there was evidence that a gap between the army equipment that can go by air and the army equipment that cannot, was being closed. We still hear that heavy equipment must wait on the sea way and on the establishment of very special port facilities. But how much longer will this be true? What, for instance, is the largest and heaviest indivisible piece of army equipment?

The big gliders already take a considerable load and can put down tanks the smaller kind. They can also put down sizable guns with their tow lorries and crews. It is not, I think, yet permissible to state the biggest load they can carry; but if in the future it becomes possible to convey a piece of forty tons by air, then it would surely be feasible to carry the whole of a modern army by air. I cannot believe that any single piece weightier than forty tons is ever needed. And I only mention as high a weight as this because I gather the effective armouring requires it.



General Carl Spaatz with Allied representatives took the salute at an inspection and "fly past" of a Liberator Group which has completed 200 missions. General Spaatz is seen in the foreground with Colonel Ramsey Potts, the C.O. of the Group. Behind are Major Camarin, Russia; Colonel A. Shavkiy Boy, Egypt; Rear-Admiral North, Britain; General James Doolittle, U.S.A.; Major-General Royce, U.S.A.; Major-General Ropner, U.S.A.; Air Commodore Wouters, Belgium; and Major Sidorn, Russia.

The Future

SINCE the Holland operations it has become certain that airborne forces will undergo a further period of swift development. They achieved successes which can be achieved in no other way. They performed their allotted function of "vertical outflanking" with brilliant success. But the cautionary remarks must be made that they succeeded only because air mastery had been won in their battle areas and because that mastery was maintained during the period of reinforcement and supply.

One can hardly imagine a more vulnerable target to flak or fighters than a tug and glider. Staggering along less than 2,000 ft. from the ground, incapable of evasive action, moving slowly, they afford an easy target. Our own great airborne force went out in just this way. Had a hundred Focke-Wulf 190s been able to get in among the tugs and gliders they could have done fearful execution. Had there been plenty of flak posts working they also could have sent the loss rate soaring. Instead the loss rate was extremely light. And the reason was that the Allied air forces really did secure air supremacy—supremacy and not superiority—in this region and hold it while the operations were continuing.

Rockets versus Flak

THE tugs and gliders and the transport aircraft with their parachutists, were sandwiched between layers of fighters. And one of the duties of some of the fighters was to keep a look out for flak posts and to neutralize them. Low-flying fighters armed with rockets ought to be able to shut down a flak post temporarily and in fact they did so. But the problem here is not so much one of the relative fire-power of the opposing forces, as the finding of the flak post. It is most difficult to spot a gun position from the air. Sometimes the only means of doing so occurs when the gun fires. So I am still somewhat puzzled as to how the flak was kept down. That it was kept down was testified to by a friend who travelled in a Halifax which was one of those towing a glider on the longest trip.

Publicity

FROM time to time we hear the complaint that British people do not shout loud enough. We hear the story (of whose truth I am not convinced) that the Englishman always belittles his own country and praises other countries. This complaint in its latest form is concerned with the air forces. I have received some criticisms about the lack of balance between the space and especially the illustrations which the newspapers devote to the United States Air Forces, the Dominions Air Forces and the Royal Air Force. My own experience is that it is much easier to obtain facilities for visiting United States stations than for visiting R.A.F. stations. I will go farther and say that the courtesy with which one is treated at United States stations, and the great trouble to which officers and men put themselves to help, are noteworthy. No one can visit a United States station without feeling a high regard not only for the efficiency of the U.S. Army Air Forces, but also for the kindness of the individuals. It may be the considered policy of the Air Ministry to keep the Royal Air Force in the background for the time being. If so, no blame can attach to newspapers which throw the emphasis on the American effort. It must be remembered that in these days the newspapers with a few exceptions, are offshoots of Government departments. They take their orders and they have no choice.

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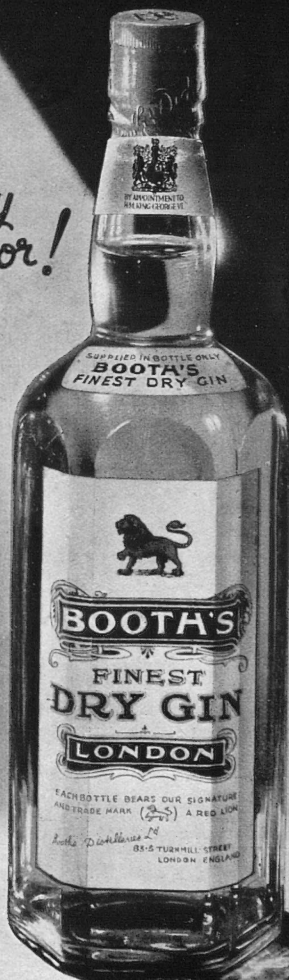
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